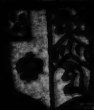




All that thou, first, and greatest is Divine:  
Leaving that off, is water turned to wine:  
Well may we then deplore to draw his name,  
Vice have the rule; with Devils he Jests, for he is  
not alone.





All that thou, first, and greatest is Divine:  
Leaving that off, is water turned to wine:  
Well may we then despise to draw his name,  
View have the safe; with Babel's Jews, for  
and then





6

THE  
LIFE AND DEATH  
OF the Thrice Noble and Illustrious  
EDVWARD

Surnamed, The  
Black Prince,

SON to our Victorious King EDWARD  
the Third, By whom he was made the First Knight  
of the Most Honourable Order of the GARTER.

By SAMUEL CLARK sometime Pastor of St. Bennet  
Fink, London.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for William Birch at the Blew Bible, at the lower-End  
of Cheap-side, at the Corner of Bucklers-bury. 1673.

J. H. T.

# THE DEATH







*The Life and Death of* EDVWARD  
Surnamed, The Black Prince.

**T**HIS *Edward* was the eldest Son of that victorious Prince, King *Edward* the third: His Mother was the fair *Philippa*, Daughter to *William* Earl of *Henault* and *Holland*, who was delivered of this her first-born Son at *Woodstock*, July 15. Anno Christi 1329. and in the third year of his Fathers Reign. He was afterwards created Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Aquitain* and *Cornwall*, and Earl of *Chester*. He was also Earl of *Kent* in right of his Wife *Joan*, (the most admired Beauty of that Age,) Daughter of *Edmund* Earl of *Kent*, Brother by the Fathers side to King *Edward* the second.

King *Edward* was very solicitous in the Education of this his Son, and provided him choice Tutors, to train him up both in Arts and Armes: And among others *Walter Burley*, a Doctor of Divinity, brought up in *Merton-Colledge* in *Oxford*, who wrote many excellent Treatises in Natural and Moral *Philosophy*, for his great Fame in Learning, had the Honour to be one of the Instructors of this hopeful Prince.

When he was but 15 years old, his Father King

*Edward* passing over into *France* with a great and gallant Army, took this his Son along with him, making him a Souldier, before he was grown to be a Man: But (it seems) he longed to try what Metal his Son was made of in the bud; and haply he was loth to omit any thing that might give countenance and credit to this Battel, wherein two Kingdoms were laid at the stake.

*Anno Christi 1345.* our King *Edward* was upon the Sea in a Fleet of above a Thousand Sail, and landed in *Normandy*: His Land-Forces were about two Thousand five Hundred Horse, and his Foot thirty Thousand, most of them Archers. Making pittifull havock in *Normandy*, he marched up almost to the very Walls of *Paris*, *Philip* the French King had not slept all this while, but had raised and brought together one of the bravest Armies that ever *France* had seen, consisting of about a Hundred or sixscore Thousand fighting men.

King *Edward*, loaden and rich with Spoils, seemed not unwilling to retreat. But they were now in the heart of their Enemies Country, between the two good Rivers of *Sein* and *Some*: And it was judged meet by our King to seek a passage out of these straits: and this Enquiry was interpreted by the enemy to be a kind of flight, and King *Edward* was willing to nourish this conceit in them.

The River of *Some*, between *Abeville* and the Sea, was at low-water fordable, and Gravelly ground, whereof our King was informed by a French Prisoner whom they had taken. But the French King (well acquainted with his own Country) had set a Guard



Guard upon that Pass of a Thousand Horse, and above six Thousand Foot, under the Conduct of one *Gondemar du Foy*, a Norman Lord of special note. King *Edward* coming to this place, plunges into the Ford, crying out, *He that loves me, let him follow me*, as resolving either to pass or die. These words, and such a President, so inflamed his Army, that the passage was won, and *du Foy* defeated almost before he was fought with (the incomparable courage and resolution of the *English* appaling him) and carried back to King *Philip* fewer by two Thousand then he carried with him, besides the terror which his retreat brought along with it: And if the *English* were before unappaled, now much more they resolved to live and die with such a Sovereign.

Now was King *Edward* neer unto *Crescie* in the County of *Ponthieu*, lying between the Rivers of *Some* and *Anthy* (a place which unquestionably belonged to him in the right of his Mother) where he was carefull to provide the best he could for his safety and defence: King *Philip*, being enraged for the late defeat, precipitates to the Battle (wherein the Great and Just God intended to scourge the Pride and sins of *France*) being the rather induced thereto by his confidence in his numerous and gallant Army, who were ready to tread upon one anothers heels, till the view of the *English* Colours and Battel put them to a stand.

King *Edward*, having called upon God for his gracious Aid and Assistance, full of Heroick Assuredness, without the least perturbation, divided his Army into three Battalia's. The first was disposed  
into



into the forme of an Hearse, where the Archers stood in the Front, and the Men of Arms stood in the bottom; And this was led by the Young Lion of Wales, our brave Prince *Edward*, to whose Assistance the King joyned some of his Prime and most experienced Captains; as *Beauchamp* Earle of *Warwick*, *Godfrey* of *Harecourt*; the Lords, *Thomas Holland*, *Richard Stafford*, *John Chandois*, *Robert Nevil*, *La'ware*, *Bourchier*, *Clifford*, *Cobham*, &c. And many other Knights and Gentlemen, to the number of eight hundred men at Arms, two thousand Archers, and a thousand Welch-men. In the second were the Earles of *Northampton* and *Arundel*, the Lords *Rosse*, *Willoughby*, *Basset*, *St. Albine*, &c. with eight hundred Men at Armes, and twelve hundred Archers. In the third was the King himself, having about him seven hundred Men at Armes, and three thousand Archers, with the residue of his Nobles and People.

The battel thus ordered, our King mounted upon a white Hobby, rode from rank to rank to view them, and with quickning words encouraged them, that bravely they should stand to, and fight for his Right and Honour. And he closed the battels at their backs (as if he meant to barricado up their way from flying) which he did by plashing and felling of Trees, and placing his Carriages there, and all his other Impediments. He commanded all men also to dismount, and to leave their horses behind them; and thus all ways and means of flight being taken away, the Necessity doubtless did double their Courages.

The

The *French* King *Philip* had with him *John* of *Luxembourg*, King of *Bohemia*, the King of *Majorca*, the Duke of *Alanson* his Brother, *Charles de Bloys* the Kings Nephew, *Ralph* Duke of *Lorraine*, the Duke of *Savoy*, the Earles of *Flanders*, *Nevers*, *Sancerre*, with many other Dukes, Earles, Barons, and Gentlemen bearing Arms, and those not only *French*, but *Almains*, *Dutch*, and others. And just the Night before the Battel, there came to the *French* Army *Anne* of *Savoy*, with a thousand men at Arms, so that all things seemed to elate the Pride of the *French*, and to fit them for destruction.

The *French* Army was also divided into three Battalia's. The Vaunt-Guard the King committed to his Brother, the Duke de *Alanson*, and the King of *Bohemia*; The Reer to the Duke of *Savoy*. And the main Battel he led himself, being so impatient of all delays, that he would scarce permit time for a little Council to consider what was fittest to be done. He caused also the *Auriflamb* to be erected, which was an hallowed banner of Red Silk, whereof the *French* had a Wonderful high conceit, as of a thing sent them from Heaven, as the *Ephesians* thought of their *Diana*. The King of *Bohemia* though he was short sighted, hearing in what good Array the *English* attended their coming, said plainly (contrary to the proud conceits of the *French*, who thought them in a posture of flight) *Here will the English end their dayes or Conquer*. He advised also that the Army should take some repast, and that the Infantry consisting of the *Genoueses* (who were about fifteen Thousand Cross-Bows, and sure men)

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should



should make the first front, and the Cavalry to follow, which was done accordingly.

A little before the fight began, God, to shew that he was Lord of Hosts, and the only giver of Victory, caused the black Clouds to power down upon them plenty of water, like so many Funerall Teares, enarching the Aire with a spacious *Rain-bow*; and discharged fundry Peals of Thunder. The Sun also, which before had hid his Face under a black dark Cloud, now brake forth, shining full in the *French* mens Faces, and on the backs of the *English*. At the same time also great Flocks of Ravens, and other balefull Birds of prey came flying over the *French* Army.

The Duke of *Alanson*, contrary to his order, took it ill that the *Genoveses* were set in the Front, and therefore in fury caused them to change place which changed that seat of the Army, and wrought that discontent also in these *Italians* as irritated them more against these *French* then against their enemies.

The sign of Battel being given by King *Philip*, was entertained with clamours and shouts, all things shewing the dread, and horror of Warr: Drums and Trumpets sounding to a charge, Banners flying in the Aire, and everie where the glittering weapons threatening Death and Destruction. The *French* calamities began at their *Genovayes*, who under *Carola Grimaldi*, and *Antonio Doria*, their Collonels, being all of them Cross-bow men, were to open a way by their Arrows for the *French* Horse: but this was the success of their service. Their bow-strings be-  
ing

ing wett with the late Rain, their Bodies weary with a long March, their Ranks (after the *English* had received their first Volley upon their Targets) opened with innumerable Gapps, occasioned by the fall of their slain fellows, who were overthrown by our home-drawn Arrows, were at last most outragiously scattered, and trampled under foot by *Charles Duke of Alanfon* (by command of King *Philip* himself) who bringing up the Horse with a full carier, cryed out, *On, On, let us make our way upon the Bellies of these Genoueses, who do but hinder us:* and instantly pricks on through the midst of them, followed by the Dukes of *Lorain* and *Savoy*, never staying till he came up to the *English* Battel where-in our Gallant Prince commanded. This fiery young Count (contrary to good Discipline) had also otherwise disoblighed them, by disgracfull speeches even when they were ready to joyn Battel.

These *French* Gallants, being thus mingled amongst them, were very many of them overthrown and slain by the *English* Arrows, which equally brought to destruction both *French* and *Genowayes*, shooting thickest where the crowd and confusion was greatest. Some Rascals also that followed the *English* Army, as they saw opportunity, stept in among them, and helpt to cut their throats, sparing neither Lord nor Lozell.

The *French* Men at Arms, half out of breath with their Post-haft, and terribly disordered by the perpetual storms of our whistling Arrows, were now at handy strokes with the Princes Battel: Neither was it long before the bright Battel-Axes, glitter-



ing Swords, and Lances, and such like other *English* weapons, had changed their hue, being covered over with humane gore, which having thirstily drunk out of the enemies wounds, let drop in bloody tears to the Ground.

The fight was sharp and fierce whilst each strove for Victory. But here may not be forgotten, the high resolution and valour of the King of *Bohemia*, who (as only seeking an honorable Grave for his old Age) thrust himself into the first Ranks of his own Horsemen, and with full career charging the *English*, was slain with his Sword in hand, the Troop of his faithful Followers, with their slaughtered Bodies covering him even in Death: This was soon seen by the fall of the *Bohemian* Standard, whereupon his Son *Charles* (who was lately elected Emperour of *Germany*, whilst King *Lewis* was yet alive) wisely took care for his own safety, by a timely retreat, when he saw the case desperate.

Now was King *Philip* himself in Person, with the full power of his Army, come to the rescue of his Brother, and Friends, who while they had breath, were fighting hard for their hoped for Victory, but finding the *English* Valor far beyond what they expected, they were beaten to the Earth in great numbers, so that the carnage was very great. Yet was not our brave Prince without danger, though now the second Battel of the *English*, for the preservation of their Prince, rushing in among their Enemies fought most courageously.

Our King *Edward* all this while was standing upon Windmill Hill, with his Helmet on, which never came



came off till all was ended, judiciously watching, beholding the whole Field, to see how all things<sup>s</sup> went, and ready to bring down his Army (which stood about him like a black hovering in a cloud) when just necessity should require it. The Prince in the mean time, being hard put to it, having the whole power of *France* against him, some of the Nobles, sensible of his danger, sent to the King, requesting for his Presence for the aid of his Son in this necessity: The King asked the Messenger, *Whether his Son was slain or hurt?* And when they answered, No, but that he was like to be overpower'd with the multitude of his Enemies: *Well then* (said the King) *go back to them that sent you, and tell them that so long as my Son is alive, they send no more to me, what ever happen. For I will that the honour of this Day shall be his, if God permit him to survive, and that he shall either win his Spurs, or lose his Life.*

This Message, though it carried not back men to assist, yet it inspired such new life and spirits into the *English*, that they fought like Lions, as resolving either to conquer or die. On the other side King *Philip*, whose Kingdome lay at the Stake, performed the Dutie of a good General and gallant Soldier, fighting so long in his own Person till his Horse was killed under him, himself twice dismounted, and wounded both in the neck and thigh, and near being troden to Death, had not the Lord *John of Henaunt* Earle of *Beaumont*, rescued and remounted him: The *French* also about him (out of a loyal desire of his preservation) almost against his will, conveyed him out of the Field, who rather seemed desirous to  
end

end his dayes in so Noble company.

The King being departed out of the Field, and the matter being divulged in both the Armies, it soon put a period to this bloody medly, wherein as yet none were taken to mercy, but all were put to the Sword. The *French* King himself, with a small Company, got to *Bray* in the night, and approaching the walls, and the Guard asking who was there? He answered, *The Fortune of France*: By his Voice he was known, and thereupon received into the Town, with the Tears and Lamentations of his People. The rest of his Army sought to save themselves by flight, whom the *English* (warily fighting upon the defensive) and loth to hazard so glorious a Victory, by breaking their ranks to pursue the enemy too far in the night (which was now come on) suffered them to be followed only by their own feares, contenting themselves to make good their ground, by standing still upon their Guard, according to the Rules of true Martial Discipline, knowing that there were so many of the Enemy escaped, as might yet serve to overwhelm their weary Army with their multitude.

Our King *Edward*, seeing the Coast for the present cleared of all his Enemies, came down from the Hill with his intire Battel towards his Victorious Son, and most affectionately embracing and kissing him, said, *Fair Son, God send you good perseveranceto such prosperous beginnings: You have acquitted your self right Nobly, and are well worthy to have a Kingdom intrusted with your Government for your Valor.* To which the most noble and Magnanimous of Princes replied  
-with



with silence, most humbly falling on his Knees at the feet of his triumphant Father.

As for other things concerning this famous Victory, I refer my Reader to my Narrative of it in the Life and Death of King *Edward* the third; contenting my self here only to describe it, so far forth as our Noble Prince was therein a prime Actor, and without which I could not have given a just Account of his life.

Immediately after this Victory our King marched with his Army through *France*, and sat down before *Calice*. But as the splendor of the Sun darkens the stars, so did the Presence of the Father obscure the Actions and Vertues of the Son, that I read no more of him till the year 1355. At which time our King was informed, that *John* the now King of *France* (his father *Philip* being dead) had given the Dutchy of *Aquitain* to *Charles* the *Dolphin*; whereupon King *Edward* being much incensed, conferred the same upon his own Son, the Prince of *Wales*, commanding him to defend his right therein with the Sword against his Adversaries.

He was also appointed by Parliament to go into *Gascoin* with a thousand Men at Arms, two thousand Archers, and a great number of Welch-men, who accompanied their Prince: And in *June* following he set forward with three hundred Sail of ships, attended with the Earls of *Warwick*, *Suffolk*, *Salisbury* and *Oxford*; and the Lords, *Chandois*, *Audley*, *Beaufort*, *Lile*, with Sir *Robert Knowls*, Sir *Francis Hall*, with many others.

With these arriving in *Aquitain*, he betook himself

self to do things worthy of his Name and courage. He did wonders in *France*. For with his Victorious Army, he recovered multitudes of Towns and Prisoners: He entred *Gwienn*, passed over *Languedoc* to *Tholouse*, *Narbonne*, *Bauges*, without any encounter, sacks, spoiles and destroyes where he goes, and loaden with Booties, returns to *Burdeaux*. In the mean time the *French King* gathered all the Power he possibly could, and the Prince, (the Winter being spent) sets forth upon a new Expedition.

He had in his Army about eight Thousand brave expert and well Disciplined Souldiers, and with them he advanced through *Perigors* and *Limosin*, into the bosom of *France*, even up to the very Gates of *Bauges* in *Bery*, the terrour of his Name flying before to his great advantage. Thus satisfied for the present, he wheeled about with purpose to return by *Remorantime* in *Blasois* (which Town he took) and so through the Country of *Tourain*, *Poitou*, and *Xantoy*, to his chief City of *Burdeaux*. But *John King of France*, having assembled a great and compleat Army, followed close, and about the City of *Poitiers* overtook our invincible Prince.

Where the Armies (with the odds of six to one against the *English*) drew near each other, two Cardinals sent from Pope *Clement* mediated (as they had done before) to take up the quarrel. But the *French King* supposing that he had his enemy now at his mercy, would accept of no other conditions, but that the Prince should deliver him four Hostages, and as vanquished, render up himself and his Army to his discretion. The Prince was content to

re-



restore unto him all the places which he had taken from him, but without prejudice to his Honour, wherein (he said) he stood accountable to his Father, and his Country. But the *French* King would abate nothing of his former demands, as being assured of the Victory, as he supposed; and thereupon was ready instantly to set upon the Prince, who seeing himself reduced to this strait, took what advantage he could of the ground, and by his diligence got the benefit of certain Vines, Shrubs and bushes upon that part where he was like to be assaulted, whereby to pester and intangle the *French* Horse, which he saw was ready to come furiously upon him.

The success answered his expectation. For the Cavalry of his enemy in their full career, were so intangled and incumbered among the Vines, that the Princes Archers galled, and annoyed them at their pleasure. For the *French* King, to give the honour of the Day to his Cavalry, made use of them only without the help of his Infantry: Hence it was that they being disordered, and put to rout, his whole Army came to be utterly defeated. Here (if ever) the Prince and his *English* gave full proof of their Valour, and undaunted courage, never giving over till they had wholly routed all the three *French* Battels, the least of which exceeded all the Princes numbers. The King himself fighting Valiantly, and *Philip* his youngest Son (who by such his boldness and zeal defended his distressed Father, as it purchased unto him the Honourable Surname of *Hardy*) were taken Prisoners.



Those of the Princes side, whose Valour and great deeds was most conspicuous, were, the Earles of *Warwick, Suffolk, Salisbury, Oxford, and Stafford*: The Lords, *Chandois, Cobham, Spencer, Audley, Berkley, Basset, &c.* and of *Gascoin*, Subjects to the Crown of *England*, The Capital *de Beuf*: The Lords *Lumier, Chaumont*, with others of inferior Title, but not of unequal Valour: Among others, *James*, Lord *Audley* wan immortal Renown at this bloody Battel, in which he received many Wounds, and was rewarded by the Noble Prince with a Gift of five Hundred Marks, Land in Fee-simple in *England*, which he divided among his four Esquires, who had stood by him in all the fury and brunt of the Battel: Hereupon the Prince asked him, *if he accepted not of his Gift?* He answered, That these men had deserved it as well as himself, and needed it more; With which reply the Prince was so well pleased, that he gave five Hundred Marks more in the same kind. A rare Example, where desert in the Subject, and reward in the Prince strove which should be the greater. This Lord *Audley* having vowed to be formost in the Fight made good his words accordingly.

It was the misfortune, or rather the Glory of the *French Nobles* in these disastrous times, that the loss fell ever heavily upon them: For in this great overthrow and Carnage (by their own confession) there fell fifty and two Lords, and about seaventeen Hundred Knights, Esquires and Gentlemen, that bore Coats of Arms: Among the Knights were fifty two Bannerets. The chief among the slain, were *Peter of Bourbon Duke of Athens*, The high Constable

stable of *France* *Iohn de Clermont* Marshal, *Ieffery de Charmy* High Chamberlain ; The Bishop of *Chalons*, the Lords of *Landas*, of *Pans*, and of *Chambly*. Sir *Reginald Camian*, who that day carried the *Auristamb*, was slain also, and as many others as made up the former number : And of the common Soldiers there died about six Thousand. So wonderfully did the great God of Battels fight for the *English* in those Days.

There escaped from this bloody Battel three of the *French* Kings Sons (for he brought them all with him) *Charles* Prince of *Dauphin*, *Lewis*, afterwards Duke of *Anjou*, and *Iohn*, Duke of *Barry*, all of them great Actors in the times following. The *French* Prisoners taken were, *John* King of *France* and *Philip* his Son, afterwards Duke of *Burgoine* : The Arch-bishop of *Sens* ; *James* of *Bourbon*, Earle of *Ponthieu* : *John* of *Artoys*, Earle of *En* : *Charles* his Brother, Earle of *Longueuil* : *Charles* Earle of *Vendosme* : The Earles *Tankerville*, *Salbruch*, *Nassau Dampmartin*, *La Roch* ; The Counts of *Vaudemont* *Estampes* and *Iohn de Ceintre*, accounted the best Knight of *France*, and many other great Lords ; and about two Thousand Knights, Esquires, and Gentlemen, that bore Coats of Arms. And in this Expedition the *English* took an Hundred Ensigns.

But here great contention arose between many who should be the man that took King *Iohn* Prisoner : The Prince wisely commanded them



them to forbear till they came into *England*, where, the matter being heard, it was adjudged by King *John's* own Testimony, that one *Sir. Denis Morbeck* of *St. Omers* had taken him Prisoner; for which service the Prince rewarded him with a Thousand Marks.

And now, though King *John* had the hard hap to fall into the hands of an Enemy, yet he had the happiness to fall into the hands of a Noble Enemy. For Prince *Edward*, having conquered his Person by force of batrel, now strove to overcome his minde by his humble deportment, expressing himself in a Language so ponderous, humble, grave, and natural, and yet so stately, as none but the best Soul, adorned with the best education was able to have performed. And the next Day, causing the Chaplains, and the other Priests in the Army to celebrate Divine Service, he put off from himself the whole Glory of Victory, and most devoutly gave it unto God: After which, in the sight and hearing of the Prisoners, he highly commended and heartily thanked his Soldiers, with speeches full of life and affections, sealing his words to every one with bountifull large fees as his present meanes would permit. Mr. *May* in his *Edward the third*, sets forth this Battel excellently in these words,

— — — — — The first hot Charge  
 The valiant Lord, renowned *Audley*, gave;  
 Who to perform a Noble vow, in Deeds  
 Almost the Prowess of a Man Exceeds;  
 And like the stroak of *Joves* resistless Thunder,  
 Shoots

Shoots forth, and breaks the strongest Ranks asunder.  
 Here in the thickest throng of Enemies,  
 Like Thracian Mars himself, Black Edward plyes  
 Deaths fatal task. Here Noble Warwick gives  
 A furious onset. There brave Suffolk strives  
 To out go the formost: Emulations fire  
 Is kindled now, and blazes high: Desire  
 Of Honour drowns all other Passions there;  
 Not in the Chiefs alone: Each Soldier  
 In that small Army feels bright Honours flame,  
 And labours to maintain his proper Fame.  
 Ne're was a Battel through all parts so fought,  
 Nor such high wonders by an handfull wrought.  
 White Victory, that soar'd above, beheld  
 How every English hand throughout the Field  
 Was stain'd with Blood: Amaz'd to see the Day,  
 And that so few should carry her away.

The Fields no more their verdure can retain,  
 Enforced now to take their Purple stain,  
 And be obscur'd with slaughter, while the wounds  
 Of France manure her own unhappy Grounds.  
 Where mixed with Plebeian Funerals  
 Her greatest Princes die: There Bourbon falls,  
 And Marshal Clermont welters in his gore,  
 There Noble Charney's beaten down, that bore  
 The Standard Royal that sad Day: Here dies  
 Athens Great Duke: There Valiant Eustace lyes,  
 Who as a badge of highest Honour wore  
 A Chaplet of bright Pearls, that had before  
 (Won by King Edward, in a skirmish, neer  
 To Callice he was taken Prisoner)  
 As testimony of his Promesse show'd

Been



Bin by that Royal Enemy bestow'd.

Great are the French Battalia's, and in room  
Of those that fall, so oft fresh Souldiers come.  
So oft the bloody Fight's renewed, that now  
The English weary with subduing grow,  
And gin to faint, oppress'd with odds so great;  
When lo, to make the Victory compleat,  
Six hundred Bowmen (whom to that intent,  
Before the battel, the brave Prince had sent  
Abroad, well mounted,) now come thundring o're  
The Field, and charge the French behind so sore,  
As with confusion did distract them quite:  
And now an Execution, not a Fight  
Ensues. All routed that great Army flies,  
A Prey to their pursuing Enemies.

What his disheartned battel, Orleans  
Forsakes the Field: with him the Heir of France,  
Young Charles of Normandy, and thousands more  
Not overthrown, but frighted by the foe.  
Nor are the English, tho' enow to gain  
The day, enow in number to maintain  
So great a chase: And not so well suffice  
To follow, as subdue their enemies.  
Nor yet (which more declar'd the Conquest sent  
From Heaven alone, to strike astonishment  
In over-weening Mortals, and to show  
Without that help how little Man can do)  
Are all the English, Conquerors in the Field,  
Enow to take so many French as yield;  
Nor to receive the Prisoners that come:  
Tho' some in fields are Ransom'd, and sent home;  
Yet more from thence are Captive born away,  
Then are the Hands that won so great a Day, &c.

i And



And now though King John had the unhappiness  
to fall into the hands of an enemy, yet that which al-  
leviated his affliction was, that he fell into the hands  
of a Noble Enemy: for Prince Edward used him with  
such respect and observance, that he could not finde  
much difference between his captivity and liberty.  
Mr. May gives us this Narrative of it.

*The chase together with the day was done,  
And all return'd. In his Pavilion  
Brave Edward feasts his Royal Prisoner;  
At which as Noble did the Prince appear  
As erst in battel, and by sweetness won  
As great a Conquest as his Sword had don.  
No fair respect, or Honour that might cheer  
That Kings afflicted breast was wanting there.  
No Reverence, nor humble courtesie,  
That might preserve his state and dignity,  
But Edward shew'd at full. And at the Feast  
In Person waited on his captive Guest.*

*But what content, what Object fit could Fate  
Present, to comfort such a changed State  
————— For him.*

*Whose State the Morning Sun had seen so high;  
This night beholds in sad captivity;  
His restless passions rowling to and fro  
No calm admit: when thus his noble Fo,  
Prince Edward spake, (Great King, for such you are  
In my thoughts still, what're the Chance of War  
Hath lately wrought against you here) forgive  
Your humble Kinsmans service, if I strive  
To ease your sorrow, and presume to do  
What is too much for me, to counsel you.*

Do not deject your Princely thoughts or think  
 The Martial Fame that you have gain'd, can sink  
 In one successless Field: Or too much fear  
 Your Nations Honour should be tainted here.  
 Mens strength and Honours we most truly try,  
 Where Fields are fought with most equality.  
 But God was pleas'd to make this days success  
 The more miraculous, that we the less  
 Might challenge to our selves, and humbly know,  
 That in so great and strange an overthrow  
 Some secret Judgment of our God was wrought,  
 And that the Sword of Heaven, not England, fought, &c.

And for your self, Great King, all History,  
 That shall hereafter to the World make known  
 Th' event of Poictiers Battel, shall renown  
 Your Personal Prowesse, which appear'd so high,  
 As justly seem'd to challenge Victory,  
 Had not Gods secret Providence oppos'd:  
 But though his Will (Great Sir) hath thus dispos'd;  
 Your State remains, your Person, and your Fame,  
 Shall in my humble thoughts be still the same.  
 And till my Father see your Face, to show  
 How he respects your Worth, and State, to you  
 As to himself, were he in Person here,  
 In all observance, Edward shall appear.

The Noble King, a while amaz'd to see  
 Victorious Youth so full of Courtesie;  
 At last replies: Brave Cousin, you have shown  
 Your Self a Man built up for true Renown;  
 And, as in Action of the Wars, to be  
 This Ages Phœnix in Humanity.  
 Why do you wrong me thus, as to enthrall



Me doubly ? Not insulting o're my Fall,  
 You rob me, Cousin, of that sole Renown;  
 Which I, though vanquish'd, might have made mine own,  
 To bear Adversity. I might have shew'd,  
 Had you been proud, a Passive Fortitude;  
 And let the world, though I am fallen, see  
 What spirit I had in scorning misery.  
 But you have rob'd me of that Honour now,  
 And I am bound in Honour to allow  
 That Noble Theft, content (since such are you)  
 To be your Captive and your Debtor too;  
 And since my Stars ordein'd a King of France,  
 Arm'd with such odds, so great a Puissance  
 Must in a fatal Field be lost, to raise  
 So great a Trophie to anothers Praise,  
 I am best pleas'd it should advance thy Story,  
 And Johns dishonour be Prince Edwards Glory.

After the Battel, which was fought on the 19.  
 day of September, Anno Christi 1357. Prince Ed-  
 ward led King Iohn and the Captive Nobles Prison-  
 ers to Bourdeaux, the Archiepiscopal See, and chief  
 City of his Dominions in France, where he retain-  
 ed them till the Spring following: But sent present  
 News of this Victory to his Father, who thereupon  
 took speedy Order by Simon Arch-bishop of Canter-  
 bury, that a Thanksgiving should be celebrated all over  
 England for eight days together.

The Prince, having sufficiently rested and refresh-  
 ed his people, the May following set sail for England,

with his Prisoners, and safely arrived at *Plimouth*, and was with great joy and acclamations received everie where. At his coming to *London* (where at that time, a magnificent Citizen, *Henry Picard* (he who afterwards at one time so Nobly Feasted the four Kings of *England*, *France*, *Scotland*, and *Cyprus*) was Lord Major) who received him with all imaginable Honour. And the multitude of People, that came to see the Victorious Prince, with the King of *France*, his Son *Philip*, and the other Prisoners, was so great, that they could hardly get to *Westminster* between three a Clock in the Morning, and twelve at Noon. Great *Edward*, saving that he forgot not the Majestie of a Conquerour, and of a King of *England*, omitted no kind of Noble courtesy towards the Prisoners. King *John*, and his Son, were lodged under a safe Guard at the *Savoy*, which was then a goodly Palace belonging unto *Henry Duke of Lancaster*; and the other Prisoners in other places.

Some time after Prince *Edward*, by dispensation, was married to the Countess of *Kent*, Daughter to *Edmund*, Brother to King *Edward* the second, and his Father invested him with the Dutchy of *Aquitain*: So that he was now Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Aquitain*, Duke of *Cornwal*, and Earle of *Chester* and *Kent*. And not long after, he with his Beloved Wife, passed over into *France*, and kept his Court at *Bordeaux*.

The Prince of *Wales* was now grown famous over all the Christian world, and the man to whom all wronged Princes seemed to Appeal, and to fly for succour.



succour. For which end there came at this time to his Court *James*, King of *Majorca*, and *Richard*, King of *Navarr*, just when his beloved Lady brought him a Son, for whom these two Kings undertook at his Baptisme, giving him the Name of *Richard*.

The Companies of Soldiers, most of whose Captaines were *English*, either by Birth, or Obedience, wanting employment, because the Warrs of *Britain* were quieted for the Present, ranged tumultuously up and down *France*: But about this time Sir *Bertram de Glequin* (having paid his Ransom) found employment for them, drawing the greatest part of that Military Pestilence into another Coast. For by the assistance of *Peter* King of *Arragon*, and the Power of *Glequin*, with his floating Bands, called *The Companions*, or *Adventurers*, *Peter* King of *Castile* and *Leon* (a cruel Tyrant) was driven out of his Kingdome, his Bastard Brother *Henry* being chosen in his room, and Crowned King of *Spain* at *Burgos*.

This *Peter* was Son to *Alphonfus* the eleventh King of *Castile*, and had to Wife a *French* Lady called *Blanch*, Daughter to *Peter* Duke of *Bourbon*, who was Father also of *Ioan*, the *French* Kings Wife. His Tyrannical cruelties were so many and so foul, that the *Spanish* Stories, scarce suffer *Nero* or *Caligula* to go beyond him: For which, by his Subjects he was deposed, and his Brother *Henry* (as is said before) was substituted, and Crowned in his room.

*Peter* thus driven out of his Kingdome, by the aid of the *French*, applyed himself to Prince *Edward*,

craving his assistance for his restitution, making many and large Promises to him upon the accomplishment thereof. And the Prince, partly out of Charity to succour a distressed Prince, and partly out of policy to keep his souldiers in exercise, having first sent to his Father, and gotten his leave, marched with a gallant Army of thirty thousand men (burning with desire of Renown) upon confidence of good pay for his men, and other Commodities, when *Peter* should be reestablished upon his Throne.

He made his way through the famous straits of *Roncevallux* in *Navarre*, by permission of the King thereof, who yet suffered himself to be taken prisoner, and carried into *Castile*, that he might not seem to cross the *French* Kings designs, who favoured *Henry* the Usurper.

Our Prince had in his Company, besides most of all the principal Captains of the *English*, two Kings, *Peter* of *Castile* whose the quarrel was, and the King of *Majorca*; As also *John* Duke of *Lancaster*, who sometime after *Don Pedro* his death, having married his eldest daughter, wrote himself King of *Castile* and *Leon*.

On the other side, King *Henry* for the defence of his new Kingdom, had amassed together a very great Army; consisting partly of *French*, under *Glequin* their famous Captains; and of *Castilians* and others, both Christians and Saracens to the number of about an hundred thousand. And upon the Borders of *Castile* it came to a bloody battel, wherein the valiant Prince of *Wales* obtained a very great victory, having slain many thousands of his enemies.

*Henry*



*Henry* himself fighting valiantly, was wounded in the Groin, but yet escaped. There were taken Prisoners, the Earle of *Dene*, *Bertram de Glequin* (who yet shortly after, by paying a great Ransom was set at liberty) The Marshal *Dandreken*, and many others. Neither was this Victory less worth to *Peter* then a Kingdom: For our most Noble Prince left him not, till at *Burgos* he had set him upon his Throne again.

But this unworthy Kings fallshood and ingratitude were odious and monstrous. For the Prince, notwithstanding his so great goodness extended to him, was enforced to return to *Burdeaux* without money wherewith to pay his Army, which was the cause of exceeding great mischiefs to himself, and the *English* Dominions bey ond the Seas, as if God had been displeased with his succouring such a Tyrant. The Prince himself, though he came back with Victory, yet he brought back with him such a craziness, and indisposition of Body, that he was never throughly well after. And no marvel, considering the Country, the season, and the action it self, and it may be more marvelled that his Souldiers came home so well, then that he came home so ill.

Being now returned, there was presently, to his indispositon of Body, added discontentment of mind. For not having money wherewith to pay his Soldiers, he was forced to wink at that which he could not choose but see, and seeing to grieve at. For they preyed upon the Country, for which  
the

the Countrey murmured against him. And now to stop this murmuring, his Chancellor the Bishop of *Rhodes* devised a new Imposition of levying a *Frank* for every Chimney, and this to continue for five years to pay the Princes debts.

But this Imposition (though granted in Parliament) made the murmuring to be encreased. For though some part of his Dominions, as the *Poitou-rians*, the *Xantoigns*, and the *Limosins*, in a sort consented to it, yet the Count of *Armigniac*, the Count of *Cominges*, the Vicount of *Carmain*, and divers others, so much distasted it, that they complained thereof to the King of *France*, as unto their Supreme Lord: Pretending that the Prince was to answer before King *Charles*, as before his Superior Lord, of whom (they said) he held by homage and fealty: whereas King *Edward* and his Heirs by the Treaty at *Bretagney* were absolutely freed from all manner of Service for any of their Dominions in *France*; King *Charles* did openly entertain this Complaint, and hoping to regain by surprize and policy, what the *English* had won by dint of sword, and true Manhood, he proceeded to summon the Prince of *Wales* to *Paris*, there to answer to such Complaints as his subjects made against him.

Our stout Prince returned for Answer, That if he must needs appear, he would bring threescore thousand men in Arms to appear with him. And now began the Peace between *England* and *France* to be unsetled and wavering. For while our King *Edward* rejoiced in the excellent Vertues and Actions of his Sons and people, *Charles* the *French* King, warned by so many



many calamities as his Dominions had sustained by the *English* in fair War: and withal, earnestly coveting to recover the Honour of his Nation, betook himself wholly to secret practices and designs: Never adventuring his own Person in the Field, but executing all by his Deputies and Lieutenants, especially by the valour and service of *Bertram de Glequin*, Constable of *France*, who from a low estate was raised to this height for his prudent and magnanimous Conduct in War. And our truly Noble King (without suspicion of craft) reposing himself upon the Rules of Vertue and Magnanimity, did not reap the stable effects of so great and important victories, nor of the Peace so Ceremoniously made, that (in the Worlds opinion) it could not be broken, without the manifest violation upon one side, of all Bonds both divine and humane.

The Prince of *Wales* by Letters advised his Father not to trust to any fair words, or overtures of further Amity made by the *French*, because (as he said) they entertained Practices underhand in every place against him: But his counsel was not hearkened to, because he was judged to write thus out of a restless humour, delighting in War, though the event shewed that his words were true. For now King *Charles*, having by quick paiments, and by one means or other gotten home all the Hostages which had bin impledged for performance of the Articles of Peace, set all his wits on work to abuse the King of *Englands* credulity. He courted him with loving Letters and Presents, while in the mean time his Plots were ripened abroad, and he surprized the  
County

County of *Ponthieu* (our Kings undeniable inheritance) before King *Edward* heard thereof.

King *Edward* hereupon calls a Parliament, declares the breach, craves aid, and hath it granted. And then againe claims the Crown of *France*, and sent over his Son *John*, Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Humfry de Bohun*, Earle of *Hereford*, with a great Army to *Calice* to invade *France*.

Among the States and Towns made over to the *English* at the Treaty of *Bretigni*, which had revolted to the *French*, was the City of *Limosin*: Thither did the Prince march, and sat down with his Army before it: And not long after came unto him out of *England*, his two Brethren the Duke of *Lancaster*, and the Earle of *Cambridge*, with a fresh supply of Valiant Captains, and Souldiers. The City stood it out to the uttermost, and was at last taken by storm, where no mercy was shewed by the enraged Soldiers, but the Sword and Fire laid all desolate: After this Service, the Princes health failing him more and more, he left his Brethren in *Aquitain* to prosecute the Warrs, and himself taking Ship, came over to his Father in *England*, his eldest Son [*Edward*] being dead a little before at *Burdeaux*, and brought over with him his Wife and his other Son *Richard*.

The Prince having left *France*, his Dominions were either taken away, or fell away faster then they were gotten. *Gueschlin* entred *Poitou*, took *Montmorillon*, *Chauvigny*, *Lussack* and *Moncontour*. Soon after followed the Country of *Aunis*, of *Xantoy*, and the rest of *Poitou*: Then *St. Maxent*, *Neel*, *Aulnay*: Then



Then Benaon, Marant, Surgers, Fontency, and at last they came to Thouras, where the most part of the Lords of Poictou, that held with the Prince, were assembled. At this time the King, Prince Edward, the Duke of Lancaster, and all the Great Lords of England set forward for their relief: But being driven back by a Tempest, and succour not coming, Thouras was yeilded up upon composition. In fine, all Poictou was lost, and then Aquitain, all, but only Burdeaux, and Bayon. And not long after Prince Edward died, and with him the Fortune of England. He was a Prince so full of Virtues as were scarce matchable by others. He died at Canterbury upon Trinity Sunday, June the eighth, in the forty sixth year of his Age, and the forty ninth of his Fathers Raigh: and was buried in Christs Church there Anno Christi 1376.

Among all the Gallant men of that Age this our Prince was so worthily the first, that.

*Longe erit a Primo quisque secundus erit.*

He had a sumptuous Monument erected for him, upon which this Epitaph was engraven in Brasse, in French thus Englished.

Here lyeth the Noble Prince Monsieur Edward, the Eldest Son of the thrice Noble King Edward the third, in former time Prince of Aquitain, and of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earle of Chester, who died on the Feast of the Trinity, which was the eighth of June, in the year of grace 1376. To the

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Soul

Soul of whom, God grant mercy. Amen.

After which were added these verses in French, thus  
Translated according to the homely Poetry of these  
times.

Who so thou art that passest by  
Where these Corps entomb'd lye :  
Understand what I shall say  
As at this time speak I may.  
Such as thou art sometime was I:  
Such as I am, such shalt thou be.  
I little thought on th' hour of Death  
So long as I enjoyed Breath.  
Great Riches here I did possess  
Whereof I made great Nobleness:  
I had Gold, Silver, Wardrobes, and  
Great Treasures, Horses, Houses, Land.  
But now a Caitife Poor am I,  
Deep in the Ground, lo here I lye:  
My beauty great is all quite gon,  
My Flesh is wasted to the Bone:  
My House is narrow now, and throng;  
Nothing but Truth comes from my Tongue:  
And if you should see me this Day  
I do not think but ye would say,  
That I had never bin a Man,  
So much altered now I am.

For Gods sake pray to th' Heavenly King,  
That he my Soul to Heaven would bring.

\* See the  
ignorance  
and super-  
stition of  
those  
times and  
bless God  
for our  
clearer  
light.

All they that Pray and make accord  
For me unto my God and Lord;  
God place them in his Paradise,  
Wherein no wretched Caitiff lyes.

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The Death of this Prince (saith *Daniel* in his History of *England*) was a heavy loss to the State, being a Prince of whom we never heard no ill, never received any other note but of goodness, and the Noblest performance that Magnanimity and Wisdom could ever shew, insomuch as what Praise could be given to Virtue, is due to him

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THE END

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